

THIS I BELIEVE essay

Kindness Comes from the Heart

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Since I entered the international school, my entire life had been thrown into isolation, darkness and misery. I never believed anyone will treat a person kindly out of pure instincts and without any motives. It was only after I met that girl had I come to realize some love and warmth actually exists in this world which I thought to be hopeless and cold. I believe, in kindness for others, especially strangers and enemies.

The day I entered Primary 2, I knew it was going to be a horror. And yes, it was. My Caucasian classmates avoided me like I was a plague and pointed fingers at me during lessons while whispering to each other. I overheard the harsh words which were directed at me like multiple arrows shot straight through my heart, "What is wrong with her? Look at her pale white skin, did she contract any disease?" I was really upset, disturbed and hence, excused myself to the washroom, bursting into tears in the cubicle. The teacher found me an hour later. She reprimanded me for playing truant and led me back to the classroom, not even bothering to ask why I did so. She didn't even care.

Every single day was the same; cold, lonely and miserable. It was until two weeks later, I finally felt a real tinge of happiness.

Our class was instructed to help out at the Home for the Deaf Children. That day, I saw my classmates' faces plastered with laughter while peeling fruits for the children. 'Is this their true character?' I wondered. I shook my head, convincing myself, "Remember what the belligerent bunch did to you? You should never forgive them." While I was in deep thought, I tripped over the threshold of the kitchen, dropping the plate of fruits and knife, pricking my finger with the sharp blade. Fresh blood trickled down my hand while I sat prostrate on the floor, not knowing how to react to the situation.

It was not within my anticipation. A small, fragile hand reached out to touch my injured finger. The deaf little girl speculated my wound, and left for a while to get the first aid kit. She treated my wound like a professional, and although not being able to say anything, smiled from time to time. I was stunned for a few seconds, but when I came to my senses, I hugged her, tight.

This became an everlasting memory. I came to believe what Albert Einstein once said, "A fellow who does things that count, doesn't usually stop to count them." That, I learnt to apply in my life. I forgave my classmates for their cruel treatment towards me in the past. I did feel a lot better, because I believe every kind deed I do will make someone's life happier. I believe kindness comes from the heart and should always be shown towards anyone, even strangers and enemies, like how the little girl showed kindness towards me.